

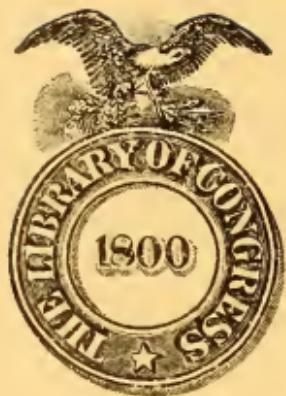
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The Confession  
of a  
Master  
Mason

WHALEY



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## AUTOGRAPHS



















THE  
Confession of a Master Mason  
AND  
The Legend

By CHARLES FAUSTUS WHALEY

"Author of

"The Dawn of the Twentieth Century," "The Old Skid Road" and  
other legends of Puget Sound; also founder of  
"The Peacemakers' Society of the State of Washington"  
and the

"DAUGHTERS OF THE NILE"

A society to which only the wives, mothers, sisters and daughters  
of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine are eligible.



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GEORGE WASHINGTON  
A Master Man



## DEDICATION

To the man who believes in the Fatherhood of  
God and the Brotherhood of man;  
To the man who believes himself to be his  
brother's keeper;  
To the man who walks the four-fold path of right  
thinking, right speaking, right acting and  
right living,

And

To the youth of this land and EVERY land this  
little book is dedicated by the Author.

A MASON'S MORNING PRAYER.

Great Father:—

Help me to do my work this day,—my best;  
And lead me in my blindness;  
With strength of truthful purpose fill my breast  
Sufficient to withstand temptation's test;  
And fill my heart with kindness.

## THE CONFESSION.

Nearly fifty years ago, unsolicited, I made application for admission into a lodge of "Ancient Craft Masons."

After being duly prepared, I was admitted; not, however, until after careful investigation, I was found worthy.

My first lesson in Masonry was to walk uprightly before God and man, and to deal justly with all mankind.

I was soon stripped of all my **VANITY** and taught the value of **HUMILITY**.

And now, after all these years, these lessons still abide with me. They were so indelibly fixed in my mind, and impressed upon my conscience, that my memory holds them still... In fact, I have pondered them and studied them so well that I have formulated my own definition of these two words.

**VANITY** is an artificially illuminated playground for thoughtless, frivolous youth, grandiloquent manhood and aged imbeciles.

**HUMILITY** is a rough, uncushioned and uncomfortable little bench, in a lonely spot, where one may sit and meditate upon the errors or mistakes of yesterday, and gain courage and strength of purpose for tomorrow.

Humility, like charity, is one of the marks of a Master Mason.

After my initiation, my lessons came thick and fast. I soon realized that Masonry was a school of moral philosophy, and must be learned one step

at a time, like climbing a ladder, or a rough and rugged hillside, where the footing was secure, but the climbing arduous. Climbing the hillside of life is indeed an arduous task, and needs a stimulus of some kind to make the climber persevere. This stimulus, Masonry provides; not only in the achievement of moral rectitude and glory of mastership at the top, but also in the friendship and brotherly love of companions on the way.

At every step in Masonry, some virtue must be gained; and some sin or error must be put aside or trodden under foot.

Each moral lesson in Masonry reveals some trait of sin or selfishness that must be cast aside.

One of the first great lessons in Masonry is SELF MASTERY. This, however, does not mean that you should deny yourself any of the rights and privileges which you have earned as a man and a Mason, and which of right to you belong.

It does not mean self ABASEMENT, but it does mean the casting aside of all selfishness, self-love, vanity, self-aggrandizement, self-praise, boastfulness, envy, jealousy, avarice, suspicion, petulance and pride.

And it does mean the SUBDUIING OF YOUR PASSIONS; in other words, SELF-CONTROL.

To accomplish all this, you realize that you must cultivate some of the strongest virtues as your allies.

First, you choose TEMPERANCE, as you know this virtue is necessary to the unfoldment of your moral character.

And now that the fight is on, against self, you find you must have something to strengthen your purpose; therefore, you choose FORTITUDE.

Another step and you find that you need patience and PRUDENCE both to help you. A little further along and you realize that the law of compensation and JUSTICE must both be reckoned with; even justice to SELF, else the monument of your moral character could not be built, nor the true Masonic LIFE BE LIVED.

Masonry is a school of personal effort, hence we need volition, intelligence and perseverance to aid us in our endeavor to gain MASTERSHIP.

"Nature evolves a man, but nature, unaided, cannot evolve a master."

Nature, however, has invested man with a will, which enables him to do things on his own initiative, or not do them, as he wills. It has also endowed him with an inner consciousness, sometimes called the SOUL, which, when appealed to, acts as a governor or guide to the will power.

SELF-CONTROL is a narrow path up a rugged hillside ascending towards the East, leading from darkness into light; and as the student ascends, step by step, he receives more light upon his pathway, until in due course of time, with manly strides, and intelligent effort, he stands upon an eminence, within the light of universal truth; a MASTER.

George Washington, the Father of our country, the defender of our liberties, one of the grandest statesmen the world has ever produced, a nobleman of Nature's finest mould, was a PERFECT MASON. And who shall say he was not worthy of our emulation?

Aside from being a disciple of the Master Jesus, what higher calling can a man aspire to than to be a follower of the Master Washington?

Masonry is a progressive and a constructive science, and when pursued voluntarily and intelligently, under the laws of evolution and compensation which obtain at all times and everywhere, and under the guidance of the soul attributes of consciousness, it evolves a **MORAL AND UPRIGHT MAN**.

As sure as sparks fly upward and as day succeeds the night, just so sure does the law of evolution evolve some higher plane of Human Existence; some grander scheme of civilization; some nobler plan of living, demanding men of higher aims and nobler souls to teach and take command. Masonry undertakes the task of supplying this demand.

And how could this be done except by careful selection of its student material?

#### HENCE THE SECLUSION AND SECRECY OF THE ORDER.

Of what avail would all the valuable tenets of the order be, if cast before the selfish multitude to be trodden under ruthless, careless feet?

In the "Dawn of the Twentieth Century," on page 12, we read:

"Every human soul  
Is circumscribed by three environments.  
Three distinct and separate lives we live:  
One to the public, or the world at large,  
Another to our friends and loved ones dear,  
And yet another to ourselves and—God.  
Within this sacred shrine of shrines  
Where conscience dwells, none enters but the King;  
The sacred thoughts that here we entertain  
Are Infinite, and know no finite law,  
And can no more be blurted out in words  
Than we can bail the sea or stop the earth."

And here is where a man is first prepared to be made a Mason; here is where he lays the cornerstone of the foundation of his future Moral Edifice.

In the "Great Work" we read on page 256:

"Rectitude of character, virtue, knowledge and wisdom are germs of possibilities within the soul. They have to be grown as the grain of wheat must be grown in order that they may reproduce themselves. And it is in the process of their growth that their equivalent in Personal Effort is expended.

Virtue never grew and matured into a permanent possession of any Soul, except as compensation for the strivings of that Soul for better things.

Knowledge and wisdom never thrust themselves gratuitously upon any man.

Sometime, somewhere, he has paid their full price in personal effort; and they have come to him only as compensation for the energy he has spent in his struggle upward into the light of Truth.

There is no achievement in the realm of the Soul without personal effort."

Again in the "Dawn of the Twentieth Century," page 25, we read:

"Religion is the innate longing of  
A human soul to know its cause; a stream  
Which ever strives to reach the mighty sea  
From whence it came. Religion is a fact;  
A germ inborn in every human soul;  
A seed which may produce a lovely plant  
If nurtured well, and pruned with care.  
The fragrant flowers of which shall please the eye

Of man, and fill his heart with love and joy;  
The fruit of which shall satisfy his thirst,  
Relieve his hunger and enrich his soul.  
Yet, left to grow ad libitum, without  
The light of truth; from out the bogs of fear,  
Or on the heights of bigotry and pride,  
Or yet within the vale of ignorance,  
Beneath a cloud of superstitious dews,  
It comes to naught. The first is but a weed;  
The second is a thistle, and the third  
Is but the famous, deadly Upas tree.

Theology is the shadow of a fact.  
A feeble definition of a truth;  
A mere attempt sensations to explain,  
But not the thing itself. Most men confound  
The shadow with the fact. Facts are of God.  
Theologies are always made by men.  
Therefore, we have the errors and the strife.

Ye mighty Pulpiteers, remember this:  
Theologists may differ but the fact  
Remains the same. Religion is of God:  
Therefore, revere the shadow, for beyond  
And yet above it, stands a sacred fact.

The human race is like a family  
Of fretful boys whose parents are away,  
Disputing o'er the duties of the day  
And o'er the preparation of their sleep.

We are but children on the shore of time,  
Each with a shell that suits his fancy most,  
ALL playing with the sands of destiny."

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Masonry is not a Theology. It has no theories or dogmas to defend. It is a Religion, **PURE AND SIMPLE**. It teaches right thinking, right speaking, right acting and right living. It teaches the ethical principles of human existence, and impresses them upon the consciousness.

Under the law of natural science, it carries the student over the wall between the Physical and the Psychical, and teaches him that the immortality of the soul is as certain as the mortality of the body.

It teaches him how to live a life under the constructive principles of nature.

It teaches him that the individual right to human existence,—the right to live,—would be an empty and hollow heritage, if mere living were the only goal of individual attainment or purpose.

It teaches him that life itself is of no value to the world except insofar as it is made a life of service to the **CAUSE OF HUMANITY**.

It teaches him that “The only legitimate reason or excuse for existence of an individual’s right to life is that the life shall be **WORTH IT**.

And the only life that is worth **ANYTHING** is the life of **SERVICE TO HUMANITY**.”

All of these qualifications and many more are taught the student in Masonry, until finally, it is borne in upon his mind and consciousness that he is responsible to all humanity for the manner in which he lives his life.

He is taught to cultivate the art of courtesy and consideration and to shun sophistry and deceit as he would any vice or a crime.

He is taught to meet ingratitude with patience, selfishness with forbearance, and penitence with forgiveness and love.

He is also taught the law of natural selection, whereby a plant may select from the soil, moisture and sunlight, its own peculiar color, shape, fragrance and style. In fact, all that it needs to make it a perfect flower of its kind; rejecting all else; and thus he, too, can, under the same law, select all the virtues that shall go to the making of an almost perfect man, rejecting all else.

And yet, this institution, like all other plans for the improvement of the individual intellect and the upbuilding of character among men, has its enemies.

And what shall we say concerning the enemies of a man whose patient, faithful study of the moral principles of right living has unfolded an intelligent individual with power of discernment sufficient to make him a worthier citizen, a better neighbor, a nobler patriot and a truer friend.

If you will show me a man's enemies, I will know the man.

And should I know the man, I will then know who his enemies are.

Some of the Theological societies or institutions object seriously to Masonry. Some of them being especially bitter in their denunciation, and yet, if you de-paganize these institutions and divorce them from their superstitions, dogmas and avarice, you would not find so very much difference between them and Masonry, except that one

---

demands FAITH of its votaries, while the other exacts GOOD WORK.

Yet, if our enemies would only stop at vituperation or denunciation, the cause for complaint upon our part would not be so great; but they go farther; they establish counterfeit or clandestine lodges, without authority, character or warrant from any Masonic source whatever, where they pretend to give degrees and where they practice obscene and disgraceful orgies for the purpose of bringing the name of Free Masonry into contempt.

Now, every man who is born into the world is provided with the germ of a soul which, if nourished upon the virtues of life, may thrive and grow until it takes possession of the very man himself and makes him a pleasure and a gladness to all whom he may meet. And you may know a man of CULTURED SOUL by the radiant glory shining in his face. Yet, if this germ of a soul be fed on the vices of life, it shrinks and shrivels away until it becomes the merest point of nothingness.

Hence the man who can thus, by clandestine methods, attempt to discredit a good, moral and charitable institution in the minds of the people, has a soul so infinitesimally small that it would be a useless effort to try to discern it with a microscope.

Ask the widows and the orphans concerning Masonic methods. Ask the Mason in indigent circumstances, or upon a sick bed, about Masonic care. Look into the faces of a band of Masons at the funeral services of a departed brother, as they

perform the last sad rites and ceremonies over him, consigning the body to the dust "from whence it came and the spirit back to God who gave it."

All modern secret orders or organizations are SOCIETIES because we know when they were made; by whom they were organized, and why they were called into existence. We know the exigencies of the occasions which demanded them. Societies are formed for the calling or associating together of persons of like interests or tastes, such as commerce, literature, art, music, sociology, patriotism, politics, theology, science, labor and many, many other needs (imaginary or otherwise). But Free Masonry is an INSTITUTION based upon natural law, and antedates all historical records. It is older than the pyramids, and as enduring as any other institution founded upon the laws of God.

It originated in the mind and conscience of the first man who could say:

What am I?  
Whence Came I?  
Why am I here?  
Where am I going?  
If I die, shall I live again?

V. C. Desertis, a profound thinker and true philosopher, in his book entitled "Psychic Philosophy as the Foundation of a Religion of Natural Law," gives us the very essence of the ethical principles of human existence. On page 304, in a chapter on the human family, we read:

"The one thing that we owe to others is JUSTICE, in the widest application of the word. This involves truth and open dealing in every relation of life. As it is by the industry of others that our civilized life is possible, we owe it to

others to do our share in maintaining that civilization.

As we owe our intellectual training to the thoughts of others, we owe it to them to contribute our share also, which can only be done by complete honesty towards all with whom our thoughts are brought into contact.

Justice, too, demands that what we desire for others should be the same as what we demand for ourselves—all that contributes to well-being and development of body and mind; and our standard should be what we, as just men, justly deserve; THAT others should do unto us. We justly want the fullest opportunity for our own activity—SO DO OTHERS. We justly want all that we can use, not merely enjoy, but USE for higher, fuller life of healthy bodies and growing minds. SO DO THEY. We want opportunity for work and leisure. SO DO THEY. This is the statement of the ethical principles of JUSTICE."

And this master mind carries us a little deeper into the realm of thought on page 340 of the same book when he says:

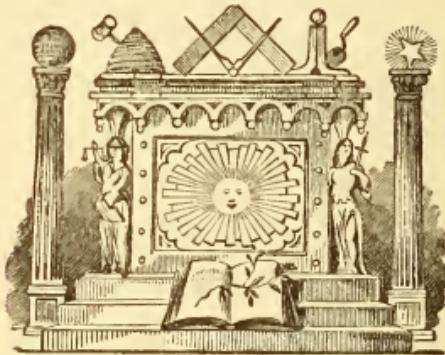
"Whoever is a consenting party to a wrong, comforting himself with the base reflection that it will be his last time, shall bear his portion of that wrong throughout ALL TIME. And in the hour when he and I stand face to face, he shall know it, for my name is JUSTICE."

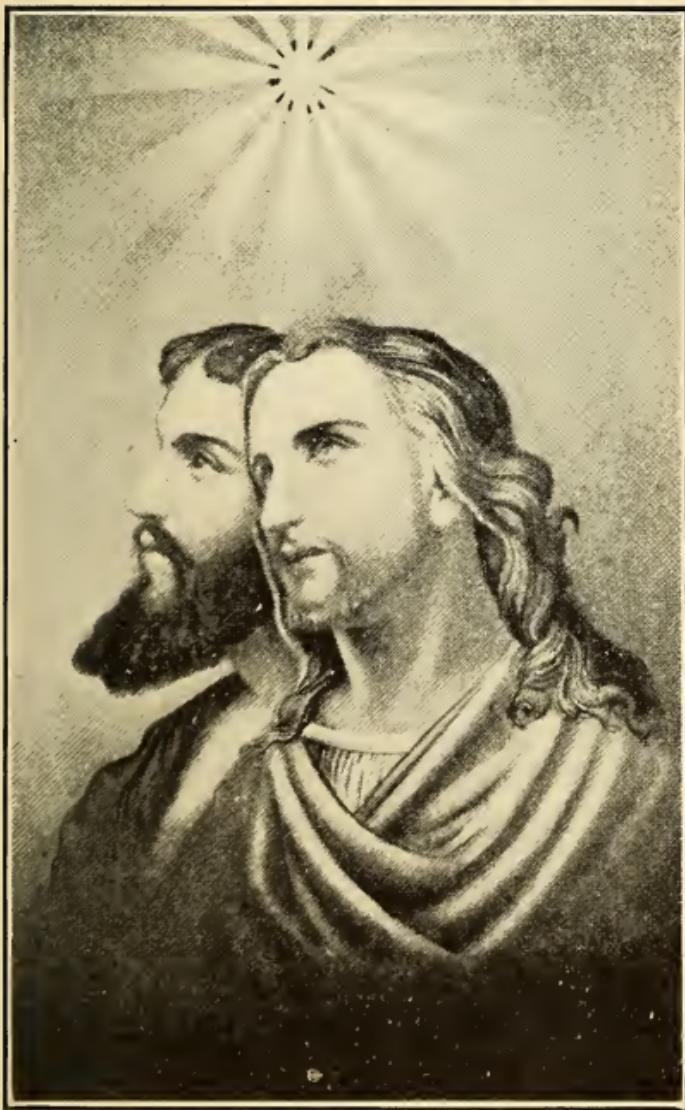
To a Master Mason the above quotations ring so true and familiar that he at once concludes that "Justice" and Free Masonry are synonymous terms, and I say to you that they should be transcribed in letters of gold on durable parchment

and placed in the hands of every Entered Apprentice Mason as an auxiliary lesson and should be called the golden text.

A Mason is a patriot who stands guard over the archives of his government. Masonry is a fender or buffer for the ship of state, and is used to ward off both anarchy and superstition.

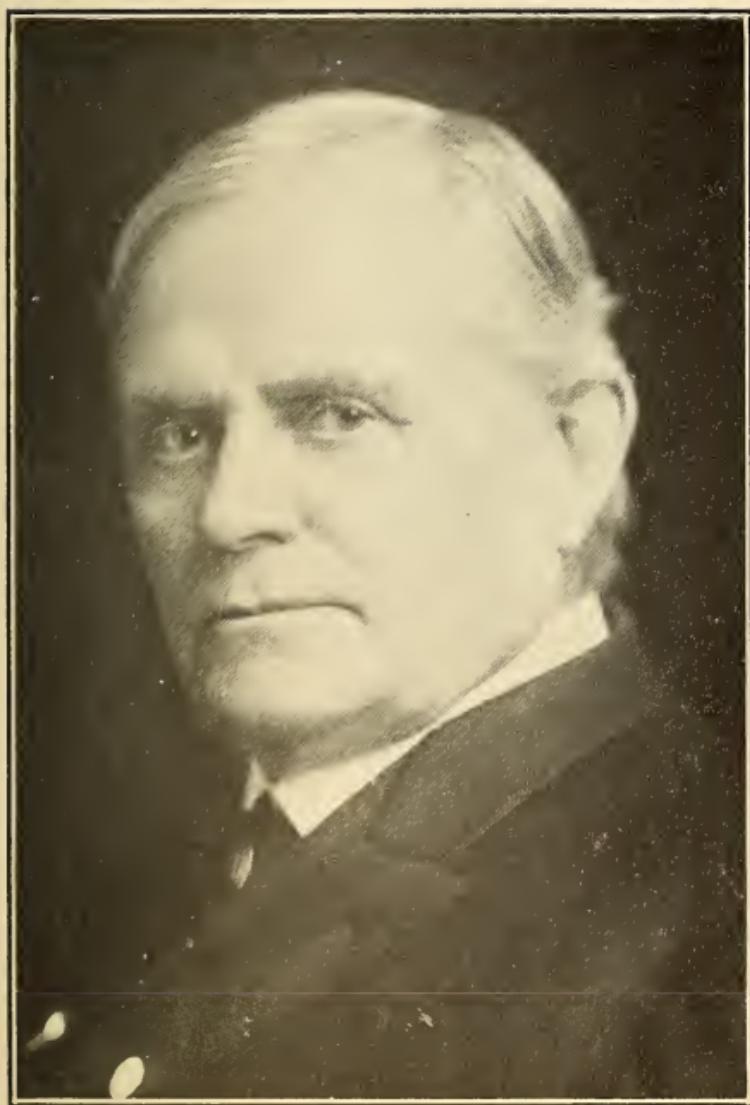
Every Masonic lodge in the United States represents one of the mighty links, in the mighty chain, holding the mighty anchor of this mighty government.





THE TWO SAINTS JOHN  
Eminent Patrons of Masonry





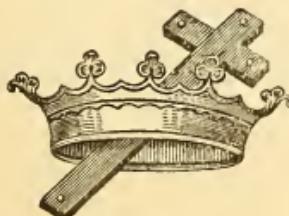
THE AUTHOR



## FORBEARANCE.

If any man shall challenge you and say,  
"There is no God," turn not thy face away,  
Nor call him "fool," nor treat him with disdain.  
And judge him not; all this were worse than vain.  
Take thou his hand and say to him, "My friend,  
What bitter cup of sorrow have you drained?  
What malady has stricken thus your soul?  
Where did you fall? How did you miss the goal?  
What weary, thorny paths have your feet trod,  
That you can thus proclaim: 'There is no God?'"

Withhold thy censure 'till the truth is known.  
What bitterness turned this man's heart to stone?  
And what bereavement made him deaf and blind  
To all the beauties of this world;—and find  
If he will tell you,—and perhaps he may,—  
What power sustains HIM while he thus can say  
"There is no God?" Then say to him, "If so,  
Make thou for me an acorn that will grow."  
Tell him, "Wherever life is, GOD IS THERE,  
And LIFE, like love and truth, is everywhere.



## THE LECTURE.

And now a word to the youth of all the land and **EVERY** land. Be careful how you walk, where you step, and how you place your feet. 'Tis better far to stand stock still a moment and reflect, or, better yet, to ask some sojourner on the way, some brother by your side, the way to light and happiness, than to take one step upon the downward way that leads to darkness and despair. If you can just control your feet, your head and heart will meet with no mishap. And when you come to manhood, when you are twenty-one, the very greatest compliment that you could then receive would be for some good men to say of you, "Here is good Masonic timber." And if you are in search of happiness, let me tell you the acme of all human happiness is the reflex action of a good deed well done. As the growth of fruit and the blooming of flowers depend upon sunshine and rain, so does the growth and culture of the soul depend upon the sunshine of joy in the face and the tears of gratitude in the eyes of some human recipient of our kindness.

The things which make life most worth living; indeed, the very cream of existence, is the sure knowledge of having remembered our obligations and kept our vows. To lie down at night seeking your well-earned rest with the sweet assurance of having that day dried some bitter tears; eased some aching heart; sweetened some cup of sorrow; of having helped some Sisyphus roll the heavy stone to the top of the hill, though you knew it would only roll down again.

By acts of kindness and generosity, by cheerful speech and the display of friendship and good will, in your daily walk, you may surround yourself with such a wall of friends that no enemy can assail you. Therefore, be careful of your speech. Be guarded in your manner toward your fellowman lest you give offense. Be courteous and considerate to all whom you may meet; and should you find a brother in sorrow or distress, take thou a part of his load and bear it for him.

You must indeed count that day lost in which you have performed no act of kindness. Strive, then, in some way to contribute to the welfare and happiness of some of God's creatures each day; and restrict not your service to the realm of human woes, but lend your aid and sympathy to every living creature that can know a grief, sense a sorrow or feel a pain.

Begin each day with good resolves; appoint no agents, but do your work yourself.

Masons are men who UNDERSTAND, men who can meet the hungry-hearted with a crumb of comfort, the careworn with a word of cheer, and the sorrowful with a smile of joy.

Be not weary in well doing for know you this, you cannot stand still for long; you must advance or retrograde, and though you do no wrong, in the day in which you show no kindness you are but where the dawn awoke you; WITH ONE DAY LOST. No day comes back, and life is short at best. You will have missed the golden opportunity of gathering one more white pebble with which to build your monument of character.

There will be one blank page in the book of your life's history. And when the day is done and you seek your couch for sweet repose and

the restoration of your exhausted energies sufficient for the labors of another day, repeat these words:

#### A MASON'S EVENING PRAYER.

Thou great and loving Father:

I know full well my failures of today;  
I say it to my sorrow.

Teach me some better, nobler way,  
Be Thou my help in every need, I pray;  
Bide with me yet tomorrow.



## THE LEGEND.

One day, the King was seated on his throne  
In meditation deep. His heart was sad  
And sore perplexed concerning things of state;  
At length he called his counsellors to him—  
Three men of erudition, three wise men—  
And said to them, “I want an honest man;  
A man whose pride is in his countrymen,  
Not in himself. A man whose love of truth  
Is all sufficient to withstand the test  
Of losing caste among his fellowmen.  
A man whose sense of justice is so great  
That he will share his lands without debate  
On any line where equal rights dictate,  
And with his neighbor share and share alike,  
And share his raiment, even, with the poor;  
For I am weary of this endless strife.  
Of all my subjects (save a sacred few),  
Each man is for himself, just for himself—  
No loyalty to country or to King;  
No love of neighbor fills his selfish heart;  
For every service be it great or small,  
He drives a bargain quite beyond his need  
And very often quite beyond its worth.  
He ever strives for power, place or pelf,  
And clamors for himself; just for himself.  
Therefore, you see, I need a man, to teach  
The youth of this my land to live the life  
Of moral rectitude and love of truth  
And patriotism worthy of the name.”  
The counselors when they beheld his grief,  
And saw the care-lines written in his face,  
Bowed low upon the earth their heads: three  
times.

And said, "Oh, King, forever may you live  
And reign, and rule the people with Thy love,  
And if we have found favor in Thy sight,  
Give us Thy blessing and we will depart."

"Take precious jewels," said the King, "of gold  
And silver, and of richest gems; take pearls  
And rubies rare; take silken fabric, too,  
And cloth of gold; and say to him, when found,  
The King sends of his wealth this goodly store  
To you; that you shall come and teach the youth  
Of all his kingdom how to live the life."

The wise men then arose and made reply:  
"We know the kind of teacher you require,  
We also know the school in which  
He gained his knowledge of the universe,  
And wisdom of the perfect laws thereof.

A man who knows the mysteries of all  
The nations of the world. A man who treads  
The eightfold path of righteousness and truth."  
Then rose the King and with uplifted hands  
Besought a blessing on each aged head,  
And bade them go and search through all the lands,  
Nor falter on their way, but strive instead,  
By stealthy ways, as only wise men can,  
Nor count the cost, but bring to him THAT MAN.

By many paths and after many days,  
The wise men came upon a dusty road  
On which a man was walking very fast.  
They each stood up, erect, in front of him,  
And each said, "Hail!" and made a certain sign.  
The man stopped short, and said: "I recognize  
Your sign and greet you with return of it;  
I know the ways by which your feet have trod.  
The gnosis of your school has been revealed  
To me. You are my brethren from the East—  
The place of light; but wherefore do you hail?"  
The eldest of the three spoke up and said,

“We are three pilgrims on a mission bent.  
Three envoys of the King and by him sent  
To find a certain man to teach the youth  
Throughout his realm to live a life of truth;  
And sacrifice and love; and we would ask  
That you should aid us in our sacred task.”  
“This will I do,” he said; “but first of all  
I must obey a very urgent call.  
Within that village there upon the hill  
A little child lies very, very ill;  
And if, perchance, she should be living still  
When I arrive, I must apply the skill  
(For which I owe the school of Essenes  
My grateful thanks) to make her well again.  
Therefore, abide you here and rest, I pray,  
Till I return.” When he was gone they said,  
As if by one accord, “Is this the man?”  
They marveled at his mein and mode of speech,  
And at his seeming knowledge of their cult.  
Then spake the younger of the three and said,  
“This man is not a teacher, or a priest,  
But simply what he has proclaimed himself—  
A healer of the sick.” “Be not so sure,”  
Remarked the elder of the three, “we must  
Resume our speech with him and more at length;  
And put him to the test. If we can make  
Him speak to us of ancient mystic rites,  
Or ancient writings, prophesies, or creeds,  
We soon shall have him classified and sealed.  
The only one you cannot classify  
Is he who will not talk, the silent man.”  
Then spake the eldest of the three and said,  
“I know the school in which this man was taught  
The art of healing. He is an ‘Esseer.’  
The Essene order teaches how to fit  
And keep the body in its normal state,  
And holy habitation for the soul.  
The ‘Esseer’ is a ‘Therapeut’ as well;

He knows the healing properties of plants,  
Of herbs, of roots, or bark and leaves of trees,  
And minerals for medicine as well;  
Their preparation and application  
For the healing of the sick, both man and beast.”  
But now the eventide was coming on,  
The air was growing chill, when lo! they saw  
The stranger coming back upon his way.  
His stride was manly and he seemed in haste,  
Despite the shade of sorrow on his face.  
Straightway when he came up to them he said,  
“Come now and sup and bide with me this night.”  
Then taking off his cloak he placed it on  
The shoulders of the eldest of the three,  
Without one ostentatious move, nor said,  
“Take this my cloak, the air is chill,” instead  
He simply placed it there, and stooping down  
Took up the eldest’s load and walked along.  
And as they went their way one said to him,  
“How did you leave the little child?” He said,  
“‘Tis well with her,” and turned away his face,  
And then they knew, and questioned him no more.  
A peasant standing by the road they saw  
Who looked expectant with his hat in hand;  
Placing one hand upon his heart, he said,  
“Kind Master, I am now in sore distress.  
My sheep are losing all their wool; it falls  
Away from them by day and night; the fold  
Is littered with the wool from off their backs.”  
“Come,” said the Master, “I will give you herbs  
And teach you how to make a bath in which  
Your sheep must be submerged and purified,  
And also tell you how to purge your fold.”  
Another man stood waiting at the gate  
When they arrived, who also with respect  
And reverential awe addressed their host.

"Kind Master, I have met with grievous loss.  
Three days ago one of my oxen strayed;  
Since then, betimes, we sought him near and far,  
And only now we found him in a mire,  
A sorry sight, for he was dead; quite dead,  
And all my fields remain as yet unplowed  
And I have naught wherewith to buy an ox."

"Be here at sunrise," said their host, "and I  
Will go with you; I know a man who may  
Supply your needs and I will sign your bond."

When they were seated at their frugal meal  
A servant entered and addressed their host,  
"Good Master, pardon this unseemly haste  
And this intrusion at this time and place,  
But even now a man stands at the door,  
A peasant, asking for an audience,"

"Admit him," said the Master, and at once  
He placed both hands before his eyes as if,  
By shutting earthly objects from his sight  
And from his mind, he could the better read,  
By intuition why the man had come  
At that unseemly hour; what was his need,  
And how to meet it. So when the peasant  
Appeared and stood embarrassed at the door,  
He said, "My brother, you may go your way,  
You need not speak, I have divined your need.  
Come tomorrow at one hour past high twelve  
And I, with transit and with rod will go  
With you and measure out the legal line  
Between your neighbor and yourself," at which  
The peasant said, "I thank you," and retired.

At this display of occult divination  
The wise men marveled greatly and they knew  
Him for a mystic then and there. They talked  
Of scholars, saints and martyrs of the past,  
And occult brotherhoods, the guardians of  
The sacred truths and science of the soul.

Again the servant entered as before  
And said, "My Master, all the fellowcrafts  
Are now assembled in the sacred hall  
And wish to make report and to display  
Their handicraft, and also to receive  
The wages for their work if aught be due."  
Whereat their host arose and said, "my friends  
Abide you here while I inspect the work  
Of these my fellowcrafts and pay their dues.  
Also draw a few designs upon the trestleboard  
And give them some instructions for their work,  
And in due time I will return to you."

When he was gone, they said with one accord,  
"This is the man," and straightway sought their  
packs

And placed upon the tables all the gems  
Of gold and silver, precious stones, and pearls,  
Of diamonds and of rubies rich and rare;  
Of fabrics both of silk and cloth of gold.  
And each from off his breast a jewel took  
And placed it on the glittering pile of gems.

When he returned the eldest rose and said,  
"We have divined, YOU are the man we seek,  
Hence we have placed upon your table here  
These presents rare, the offering of our King",  
That you may come with us and teach the youth  
Of all his kingdom how to 'live the life'  
Of rectitude morality and truth."

"A bribe!" said he, and in his soulful eyes  
Shone forth a keen rebuke that would have burst  
Forth into words had not his vision caught  
The emblems which they placed upon the pile.

"Whence came these emblems? Did HE send  
me these?"

Then spake the eldest of the three and said,

"We took them from our breasts and placed  
them there

To so augment the price we wish to pay  
For your great sacrifice in fear that you  
Should hesitate to come, or say us nay."

He took one up, and looking at it said,  
"This token represents a second birth,  
An intellectual not physical,  
The man who wears this jewel should be true  
Unto himself, and every other man;  
He should be prudent and of good repute  
Among his fellow-men; and understand  
The law of self-restraint, or self-control.

The man who wins the right to wear this gem  
Must climb a narrow, rough and rugged path  
Out of the vale where self-indulgence reigns.  
And he must gather virtues on his way;  
He must have patience and forbearance both;  
And justice, temperance, fortitude and truth.  
And he must walk uprightly and be just;  
To whom does this belong?" he said, and paused,

The youngest of the three arose and said,  
"Tis mine, wise Master, and I know its worth."

"Receive it then from me, and never more  
Attempt to part with it no matter what  
The cause, its value all remains with you."

He took another, and began, "This gem  
Denotes intelligence, wisdom and power,  
'Tis emblematic of good deeds well done,  
The man who owns this gem must be prepared  
To guard his brothers' rights just as his own  
And counsel him if he be in despair,  
Or sorrowful or otherwise oppressed.

The man who wears this jewel on his breast  
Must live a contemplative life, and he  
Must know the law that rules the universe  
And universal life and all the paths  
To wisdom and to truth, and how to build  
A temple and to supervise the work  
And how to lay out work and draw designs;  
He also must become conversant with  
The law of ethics and the power of mind,  
And how to build a temple for the soul;  
And how to climb a flight of winding stairs  
Into a sacred place, there to receive  
The wages for his labor—self-respect.”  
And now he held the gem aloft and said,  
“To whom of right does the emblem belong?”

The elder, quite abashed, arose and said,  
“Wise Master, it is mine. I offered it  
Because its value seemed equivalent—  
All else of my possessions seemed unfit.”  
“The compliment I keep, but I return  
Your jewel, for its value rests with you—  
That which a man has earned, belongs to him;  
Naught else is his, no matter how obtained.”

The last he took and pressed it to his lips,  
Then holding it aloft above his head  
He murmured as in prayer “The Magian Cross!  
Emblem of truth and immortality.”  
And then he lifted up his voice and said,  
“The man who owns this jewel understands  
The riddle of the universe, and may  
At will, reveal and demonstrate  
The continuity of ‘life beyond.’  
The man who wore this gem has climbed the wall  
That bounds the physical, and walks aloft  
Upon the heights of spiritual truth.  
The Magian Mysteries he reads as he

Would read an open book; he knows the laws  
That underlie all Myths and Miracles."

Replacing it upon the owner's breast  
He said, "My brother, I can understand  
The motive of your sacrifice; and yet  
I must admonish you, to guard with care  
This token of your labor and your faith.  
And as for these—this glittering pile of gems,  
I deem them naught but dross, my countrymen  
Would never understand their use or worth.  
And you must take them back from whence they  
came;  
My people have been taught to value man  
By his internal qualifications  
Not by his raiment or his outward garb.  
A man may wear a silken robe and still  
Be foul of heart. So may a spark divine  
Be found within a peasant's naked breast."

"Abide with me three days and in that time  
I will obtain a dispensation from  
The East which will invest me with the power  
To organize the school your King requires.  
And I will go with you and found that school;  
And each of you shall have his place assigned—  
The youngest in the South a seat of care;  
The elder in the West as counselor;  
The eldest in the East a place of light.

And so, at length they brought unto the King  
This honest man—this teacher of the truth—  
A MASTER MASON.

## A MASON'S CREED.

As one by one the flowers fade and die,  
And summer roses, mouldering, scattered lie,  
And icy wintry winds go wailing by—

Some day;

So, one by one, our brothers will depart,  
And leave a void in every Mason's heart.

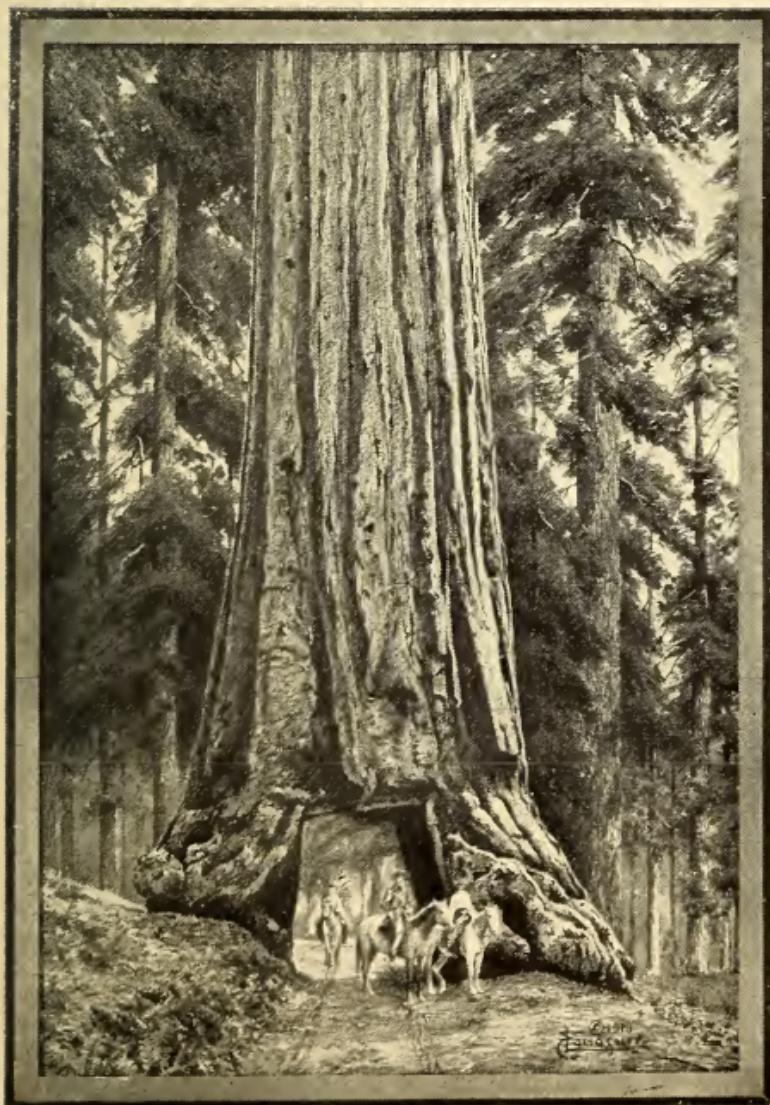
In joy we meet; in sorrow we must part,—

Some day.

And yet, we know the flowers will grow again,  
And roses bloom and birds sing sweet refrain,  
And trees renew their leaves mid warm spring rain,  
Some day.

So shall we each; our earthly labors o'er,  
Renew our labors on that other shore  
'Mid light abundant and forever more—

Some day.



A SEQUOIA  
A Master Tree



A MASON'S DECLARATION OF FRIENDSHIP.

From out the toughest fibres of my heart,—  
My selfish heart: I have woven me a net  
In which with tender care I hold you fast.  
Its warp and woof alike are spun from love—  
Undaunted love. The strength of this, my net,  
Is all sufficient to withstand the test  
Of any slight, ungratefulness or blame;  
Prosperity, adversity or time;  
And it has elasticity enough  
To reach to any country of this world,  
If you, my friend, should choose to there abide.



## AUTOGRAPHS





















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